the broken windows stuffed with rags. The floor was littered with fragments of glass and wood, wet from melted snow and stained with blood. Thomas, his head bandaged, was lying motionless on a sofa, covered to the neck with a white sheet. The girl teachers were huddled in armchairs. They became hysterical at my appearance. With their help I washed my face, but we could not stop the bleeding from the cut above my right eye.

While the doctor and his assistant were examining and dressing my wounds—none of them very deep—the girls told me what had happened in Chorino. They were in the teacher's house when the woman who had driven us to Borovenka returned with the news that we were trapped. Then the crowd of Borovenka peasants surrounded the house. The priest who came with them tried to prevent violence. Soon the sheriff joined him, and they finally made a bargain with the mob. The priest would keep away, the sheriff would go with the party to the station, and no harm would be done to the prisoners on the way. I knew the rest.

Thomas opened his eyes. Apart from the weakness caused by loss of blood, he seemed all right. Zaloga and Alexander were bruised, but their condition was not serious. The doctor regarded only Eugene's injuries as grave. He departed, leaving with us his assistant, who immediately set about getting us food.

Soon a tray with tea and a loaf of white bread appeared on the table in front of the sofa where Thomas was lying. He half-rose on his elbow and manifested an excellent appetite. Eugene vomited each gulp forced into him by the doctor's assistant. I could not eat because my front teeth had been loosened and my jaws were bleeding.

The waiting room was empty except for the soldiers keeping guard at the broken windows. Through the window I could see the road in front of the station. The crowd was larger than before and seemed more excited. The muzhiks shouted at the soldiers, "Who are you to defend the enemies of the Tsar? Will you fire on your brothers?"

I told the sergeant that I wanted to speak with the commanding officer. A young lieutenant in a neat uniform came at once and asked what he could do for us. I asked him what his instructions were.

"To restore order at the station, clear it of violent elements, and insure the safety of persons who, reportedly, were attacked by the mob," he replied.

"And you do not think of delivering us to the mob?" I asked.

"Certainly not! That would be contrary to my instructions, duty, and honor!"